MA BELLE AT THE BAY.

She stands by the see in her beauty At the witching twilight hour, With her mustin dress about her, Like the shield of some great white flow She's as pure as the light of the star lamps

That sprinkle the path of the moon And her blushes are rich as the roses That are born of regal June.

Her eyes in their dusky splendor, With their amber and midnight light. Make her seem a part of the picture, Some witch-queen fair of the night.

Her form is as lithe as a mermaid's That has strayed from its pink shell home. While her voice has a subtle music As it speeds over the waves of foam.

Adleu, O my beautiful Creolet Fair dream of a bright summer's day May fifty long years from this writing Find you stand, tooking so, o'er the Bay. -Robert H. Cashford in New Orleans Picayune.

## CRISTOVAL.

Some twenty years ago, one Sunday morning, at Madrid, a young woman en-veloped in lier long mantilla entered the church of Notre Dame d'Atocha holding by the hand a little child of rare and wondrous beauty. At the sight of this little angel, with his mass of golden, tumbled ringlets, his eyes black as night, his cheeks rosy and dimpled as a cherub's, all the devotees kneeling upon their mats of rushes ceased their prayers to look upon him with a tender smile, the elder ones from memories that crowded upon them at the sight of the child, the young senoritus from presentiment.

The young woman, the good and beau-tiful Rosario de Solis, had come to thank the Virgin for having saved the life of this, her only child. The face of the mother was pale and thin, her eyes encircled with dark rings; for many and anxious nights had she passed of late by the bedside of the poor little soni.

Shall I tell you of the noble nature of this Donna Rosario de Solis? No; it is unnecessary, for all the world knows the story of her life and sacrifices, and that to save a dving father from the pursuit of a ferocious creditor she had given herself as a hostage and married the creditor herself, Don Andres de Solis, the fiscal. Rosarjo was beautiful, but with a beauty that sculptors and painters were powerless to depict; it lay in her eyes, in her smile, in the screnity of her brow, the grace and suppleness of her swan like neck, the purity and loveliness of the soul im-printed upon her perfect features.

In the meantime Rosario, on her knees before the Miraculous Virgin sparkling with precious stones and carrying in her nrms an infant Jesus, gave thanks to beaven, while the child regarded wonderingly a sun that made a glittering aureole about the head of the holy mother. e tapers that burned before the altar, the flowers and fountains with their jets All at once his eyes fell upon the steps leading to the chapel grating, tatters a horrible old beggar woman holdhand, supplicating and repulsive; but behind the woman and gazing at him with appealing eyes the little Cristoval saw the head of another, a little one like him self, brown, pittful, emaciated, who seemed to becken him to approach her, and to complain to him that she was hun-

gry.
"A poor little beggar, mamma," laying his hand upon Rosario's sleeve; cries with hunger—see her—there?" he pointed to the wicket, through which a babe like that-Rosario shuddered

a piastre in Cristoval's tingers:

and carry her this alms from G Little by little the soft hymn of the organ rose in the silence of the chapel, rising, falling, filling the nave with a volume of sound more and more power-ful; the chant of the priests followed it, and the souls of the devotees in the body of the church rose to heaven upon the wave of sacred harmony. Suddenly, in the midst of the fervor of her prayers, it seemed to Rosaria that the Virgin to whom she knelt looked upon her with a frowning eye, as if denying or refusing to listen to her petitions; a strange, in- wouldst not dare deny her. Return with explicable fright took possession of her, a feeling of dread, of alarre. And where was Cristoval? She looked about her, turning her eyes from corner to corner of the shaded chapel. He was not beside her, nor, in fact, in sight, neither in the church itself nor in the court before the Was he lost? Impossible! He was hiding from her, playing upon her maternal terrors, concealed, perhaps, in the loges or in the folds of the curtains. Nevertheless, her voice was hourse and strident as she demanded of a woman kneeling near her: "Have you seen my child, my little Cristoval?"

"The little one with the silver buttans?" responded the dame. "No, seno-rita, but doubtless he is yonder by the pulpit of St. Sebastian seeking to startle

"Perhaps," said Rosario, darting in the direction of the pulpit, and feeling, peep-ing beneath it and pushing aside even the altar cloth in the ardor and energy of her search. The child was not there. Could he be at home? Had he tired and wandered through the streets alone in his efforts to return? Shivering, trembling under her mantle, her brain throbbing with agony, the poor mother turned to ward her dwelling. Arrived at last, she entered breathlessly. It, too, was empty, silent, mournful. At the top of the sta case she encountered her husband, Don Andres. "Where is Cristoval" were the questions that crossed each other. Ah, where indeed? She answered nothing Fiscal though he was he was still a father, and held to humanity by love for

Rosario sought to retrace her steps, to descend, to run, God knows where, in the fields, in the thoroughfares, in all the alleys and by ways of the city; but her legs bent under her-she was unable to

"Go thou" she cried, pushing her husband from her; "seek Cristoval, find him, go at once!" and Don Andres obeyed. Alas, however, the child was seen no more; he had vanished completely, abslutely, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

From that day on Rosario, a heart broken woman, went no more to the chapel of Notre Dame d'Atocha, where it seemed to her she must always see the child so cruelly taken from her, and whom he still hoped would one day be restored to her. And upon the palace itself what somber night had fallen; no noise, no joy, no merriment in the silent household: no the thickets of the garden; no flower beds trampled by reckless feet; no tiny hands to join in prayer, and an ever present vision of Cristoval, her baby boy, stum-bling in the dust of the highways, under the stick of the mendicant, without bread, without clothes, his cheeks pale and

meager, his eyes stained by tears. The heart of the mother was indeed broken! Weeks, mouths and years passed away thus. The father was consoled; a true man of justice, hard, pedantic, cruel and gasping, the habitual sight of crime al ys before him had given him a heart of bronze. For him success justified and of fiscal he had an opportunity to put his principles in practice. In short, an avar-icious leech, he served himself to the best of his ability with the best of all that . Some eighteen years after the event par-

tacea to you, one gibotaly morning in the early spring, Don Andres de Solis was called to Castile. An avaricious old uncle whose beir he had become, had succumbed to a mortal malady, and despite the grievous condition of the roads, that ice and snow made nearly impracticable, he had unhesitatingly begun the journey. "Gold" was at the end of it.

As the carriage slowly mounted the de-files that crossed the Sierra de Saint Adrian, the fiscal felt himself invaded by a sentiment of melancholy—a vague pre-sentment. Why? Unless it was the loneliness of the place, the somber grandeur of the pines that crowned it, the steep, precipitous ascent up which the vehicle labored at an almost perpendicular angle, he could not have told you. The sudden stoppage of the carriage some fifty rods or beyond the chapel of Saint Adrian abruptly roused him from the reverie into which he had fallen, and at the same moment a group of men concealed in the rocks and crevices of the mountain flung themselves upon the bridles of the horses; a voice commanded him to descend.

"I descend!" said De Solis scornfully; "back, ladrones, back at once-thou art talking to the Fiscal Don Andres de

"Don Andres the fiscai!" No, Don Andres the miser; Don Andres the usurer!" the brigands answered, advancing wrathfully. Their chief, however, a young man, handsome, well built, and to recoil immediately with a cry of astonent, echoed by the prisoner withinfor the features of the one were the featres of the other—the likeness between them incredible; only in the case of Don ilres de Solis the face was wrinkled and faded by time; in the case of the young in brown, fresh and ruddy. As for the rest, the heavy eyebrows, the brow, broad and full, the nose, long and aquiline, all were the same—not a line was missing. Thy name, boy, thy name?" demanded De Solls in a stifled voice; "give me thy

"Cristoval, the trabuctire (brigand)-I have no other!"

'My son, my son Cristoval!" extending his arms with a cry of joy, forgetting everything in the rapture of the moment, and seeing but the face before him, young, proud and haughty. "Thou art my son," he continued: "my son stolen from me in infancy and mourned so long. I know it -I tell thee I know it.' Cristoval smiled contemptuously.

Think not Don Andres " signing to his men to withdraw a little, "think not to escape by so infamous a ruse. I am a escued from the pavement, it is true: I also have the misfortune to resemyou strangely; nevertheless, I believe thou liest, for there is naught else in like ness or kinship between us. It is better so, for thou wouldst be shamed by a son in the ranks of the miserable trabu-caires, hunted like ferocious beasts; whilst I, were it true, should scorn and louthe myself. What, I, the free and honorable trabucaire, who fights an en-emy openly and bravely, the son of Don Andres the Fiscal, the Judas who sells his friends as the disciple sold his Lord! Never! And if I thought it true I would this moment dash out my brains on the rocks at our feet to atone for my misfortune—to expiate my shame. All the same I shall conduct myself toward thee as if really thy son. Wait a momenthear me out," calmly repulsing the fiscal, who had thrown himself forward with a movement of joy; "there are times when an honorable and voluntary death is enough to efface a criminal and ugly Behold this pistol-take it and kill thyself! If we are of the same blood, thou wilt comprehend that my proposi tien honors thee and that thon shouldst not hesitate. Accept it and I will ac-k-owledge thee as my father before all

my comrades. What say you?"

The face of Don Andreas whitened, his lips trembled. The trabucaire shrugged

"Soul of fiscal-soul of coward! I am not of thy unworthy race. It is well, and thou shalf live-live in the scorn of all. but on condition that thou keepest silence upon all that has passed between us and outrage me no more by the title of 'son.' It is an insult I shall instantly avenge. "Miserable boy," cried the unhappy

me to thy home: quit forever these despairing fugitives; come to thy mother,

"That they may say, 'Like father, like son? No. I will not return: nevertheless. I will see the Donna Rosario, and see her soon. . . . . . . The summer that followed this scene upon the Sierra de Saint Adrian a course

of buil fights had been announced at Valladolid. You know the passion of the Spanish people for this style of diversion and how they run to them for league around. All the same I was struck with astonishment when I entered the circus, for the vast and double amphitheatre, the boxes opening upon the place of the fau-reaux and every inch and corner of the monstrous building seemed to rock and tremble with the thunders of applause. The signal was given by the alcalde or corregion (I have forgotten which) the toreros clustered in the space like a ck of brilliant birds. A magnificent bull from Cindad-Real bounded into the ring, amid the plaudits of the people and the alguards hurtling about him, the pointed darts of the bull fighters with their wads of burning paper teasing and stinging him ceaselessly. For a moment the animal remained motionless, his head hanging, his tail switching his flanks, his

legs trembling convulsively,
"Toro malo!" (bad bull) "Toro malo!"
screamed a thousand voices. The picadores advanced upon him; the retreated; he was a coward; indeed,

a child could have frightened him "The dogs! the dogs!" cried the people loudly, and all heads turned toward th box of the corregidor, for he alone could grant the demand of the exasperated ablic. I turned with the rest to the box of the magistrate; beside him at the back of the box was the figure of a woman in deepest mourning, pale, emaciated, no longer young, but whose features still preserved the traces of angelie beauty. She seemed to assist at the corrida as a corp or a statue might have done, and her re gard was vague and fixed as if conten "Who is sha?" I demanded of an oblig

"a saint who has made her purgatory upon earth, for God has left her her bus and and permitted the theft from her of her son. She sees him always in her oughts, she waits upon him, but her

place is the oratory, not the box of the corregidor. Stay, the struggle begins!"

Even as he spoke a chulo entered the arena holding by the cellar two enormous dogs. A handsome fellow, this chulc well built, with heavy eyebrows and long aquiline nose. All the same the specta-tors saw but the dogs-alroady precipitating themselves upon the bull, his ever now red and bloodshot, bent angrily upon his adversaries and upon the man who had entered with them to defy him. The

chulo advanced, erect and fearless. "Viva el chulo" the women shricked. "Viva el chulo" shaking over the arena he perfume of their scarfs and handker hiefs and showering upon him a rain With a smile, a bow, a wonderful and, the youth responded, sprang for ward, rose into the air, to seat himself a taureau, his hands locked firmly about the horns of the animal, his cachette, a sort of poniard, ready in his belt. Even the Donna Rosario moved from her stony | Brooklyn Eagle,

calm, leaned from the corregidor's loge, her eyes fixed in terror upon that scene of

daring.

"And you say," said I to my obliging neighbor, "the wife of the fiscal takes no interest in these courses—see her now!"

"But even as I spoke, at a sign from her husband, mindful of the attention she was attracting, Donna Rosario shrank again into the shelter of her curtains, accordingless and before I had a second to the second should be shelter of the statement of the second should be shelter of the second should be s nevertheless, not before I had seen that the eyes of the chulo, in spite of his danger

those of the wife of the corregidor. The struggle between the taureau and his assailants has become frightful; bellowing, pawing the dust, and covered with foam from his efforts to dislodge his burden, the creature, like a mammoth centaur, plunged about the arena, the dogs, bleeding from a 100 wounds, snap-ping at his heels, the flame tipped javelins of the waiting toreros menacing and driving him from rail to rail. The brute, however, was stronger than the man, and the strength of the chulo was failing him. but at the instant when, swaying from side to side, it seemed that he must fall from his seat to be gored and ground by the horns of his enemy, he lifted himself like a dancer upon a tight rope, glided to the earth across the open space and turned at bay, his lips compressed, his bearing proud and scornful.

As the brave torero thus boldly faced the onslaught in the arena, I saw and heard with the eye of an eagle, pushed them a sudden commotion arise at the gates of aside and placed himself at the opening—the barriers among the Royal volunteers who guarded them; also that a group of men hastily entered the box of the corregidor; that a woman's figure leaned from the railing of the box, her eyes like coals of fire in her pallid face, her hands uplifted, and crying imperiously in a voice that had nothing human in it: 'Meure, chulo! Meure chulo!" And the young man, lifting his eyes to the face above him, docile and obedient as a son to the commands of a mother, cast his poniard from him, and thus disarmed awaited the end-an end not long cominga roar from the taureau, a thud, a cry from the Donna Rosario, for it was she who had thrown to the chulo that hurried order, and all was over for Cristoval the

> Cristoval the trabucaire? Ay, recog nized not only by the fiscal and his wife as Cristoval, their son, but by the authorities as well as the hunted brigand, who would be seized and imprisoned at the noment of his leaving the arena.

> It was this the men who had entered the box of the corregidor at the moment of the encounter had come to tell him this that had induced the heroic mother to command her son to die rather than live to be dishonored. Cristoval, worthy of this great heart, obeyed.
>
> Three months later Rosario, too, was

> dead—a victim to the scourgings and ex-cessive penalties that she imposed upon herself in order to explate that which she called "the crime of her pride."

> How did all this come about? Bravado! To see his mother, to keep his word to the man whom, nevertheless, he refused to acknowledge as his father, the unfortunate boy, disguised as a chulo, had entered the city and entered it to his death.

> Who told me the beginning and the end of this sorrowful story? Don Andres him-self, and the tongue of Valladolid and all Madrid.—Translated from the French of Emanuel Gonzales for The New York Mercury by E. C. Waggener

Horse Car Conductor's Ingenuity. People who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to use the horse cars in their ravels about the city have no doubt often noticed the poor condition and generally dilapidated appearance of the pockets of conductor's outer garment. Dipping the ands in the pocket every few moments or the purpose of making change for the ssengers or depositing therein the fare and occasionally warming their benumbed fingers in them, does not tend to make the pockets present a wholesome appearance and the conductor who can show one without being more or less frayed is indeed scarce.

one day I was struck by the simple but in-genious method to prevent this which the conductor, who was evidently of an inven-tive turn of mind, had devised. The and outside with leather, slightly thicker than that used in making kid gloves. was nicely stitched and, indeed, hardly noticeable. The conductor informed m that outside of preventing the loss money through holes in the pockets it made the burden of his wife's life much easier, obvinting, as it does, the necessity so often. He had bethought him reventing it in this manner and had de ised the clever arrangement. It seems o be a big success.-Brooklyn Eagle.

The "enchanted rock," in the San Saba (Texas) valley, rises 200 feet from the plain, and can be seen for a distance of everal miles. In the moonlight it pre ents a striking resemblance to an mense castle with its many windows brilliantly lighted, this effect being caused by the reflection on the moon's rays from numerous polished surfaces of manches believe it to be one of the abodes of the Great Spirit, and regard it with nuch reverence.-Chicago News.

The Bigness of Dindostan.

The latest survey and census of India hows that the area of the peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,921. Although e tracts of country are annually cultivated, yet according to the most recent survey 10,000,000 acres of land suit able for cultivation have not yet been plowed .- Boston Budget.

Italians in America.

The faithfulness of the Italian house ife and the domestic character of her husband are well known. A divorce mong them is a rarity. Dr. Ullo wish o contradict the prevailing idea that Italians are miserly. Such, he says, is not the case. They are frugal and saving, out there are few in the Sixth ward who that themselves. Even the poorest Ital an would not dream of sitting down to ble without his glass of wine. Food bey have, too, in plenty, and if they ea t little meat, are they not as a race as althy as any other! Dr. Ullo claims d. perhaps, justly—that Italian labor gher paid than Irish or American labor e cites this case: A year or so ago h road company and during the proceeding was enabled to glance over the payroll he laborers employed. The Irish receive 1.25 per day and the Italian labore \$1.30. Asking an explanation of the Iris-superintendent the latter acknowledge at an Italian could do more work tha Irishman, although at first he th he former, owing to their manner of liv ig, would soon break down. They sut sted wholly on macaroni and farinaceous

oil and cheap wine. talian didn't talk while working or stop light his pipe every ten minutes and ould dofully 10 per cent, more work that is former. It has been proven recent! hat farinaceons food gives more muscle til bene than meat, and if this be true he ordinary good health of the Italian aborers can thus be accounted for. In the aqueduct in Westchester county they are preferred to any other class of laborers ause of their staying qualities. Drunkenness is seldom known among them

IRFNE.

Among the purple mountain folds I sought
And sought in vain for peace. I sought in vai
In dreamy woods; along th' enchanted main;
In kindly hamlets. Then with books I wrought,
Seeking for peace in toils which only brought ent and weariness of brain

"Where art thou, peace?" I cried. "Oh, soothe Of tearful longing and of throbbing thought." A sweet voice answered. Laughter glad and

clear, Set the birds singing. Beautiful bright eyes Made a new dawn. A sweet voice answer "Cease From further fruitiess searching. I am here— In flower of fiesh and blood, of perfect size, Quite loving—your Irene. I am peace:"

Peace, with her chatter and infectious glee; Peace, swinging madcap on a springy bough, With bright hair blown and tumbled anyhow; Peace, paddling in a shoal of summer sea; Peace, at high revel up an apple tree;
Peace, reading with a best and a camy brow;
Peace, on a footstool—very peaceful now—
Listening with hands clasped fondly on my knee

No abstract noun, no mythic shape divine, No sweet clusive dream of who knows what, But just a child, she brings my heart surcease Of care; and, when she puts her cheek to mine, Bliss and complete contentment with my lot, Yes, this is my Irene—this is Peace.

—The Academy

## THE NEW PREACHER.

Most people would say that it was no new preacher at all; he had the same eyes, nose, mouth and hair, was of same height, and offered the same hands. But others who can read between the lines, and are thankful for the gift, declare that it was a new preacher. He had gone through some experience. His soul had changed. He had been born again!

The preacher sat in his cozy study in the afternoon hours. It was his "den, where he was secure from all interrup-tion, and furnished with the luxury of a Sybarite. Soft rugs upon the floor, hand-some vases on the low bookcases that encircled the walls, rare etchings upon the easel, costly engravings on every cabinet of coins in one corner, and a poem in marble in another—it was no wonder that he felt a thrill of self-satisfaction as he glanced in every direction. And his sense of comfort was heightened by the roll of proof sheets on his desk-his latest work almost ready for publication. There was a long row of volumes since his occupancy of the pulpit, but this was to be crowning effort, and to increase still further his fame.

There were the books, the creations of his genius, on a long shelf all by them-The critics spoke highly of them the public bought them; the learned world acknowledged their merit. History, biog raphy, criticism, were his special fields But his mind was so versatile that he could produce novels as well; and his poems had also a rapid sale. As a popular lecturer he always commanded a large audience. His travels to the east and his discovery of the missing tractate of St Theodosius had gained him the doctorate from three Old World universities.

Yes, he had been singularly successful and that, too, without stooping to any mean tricks. He was above sycophancy and self-advertising. He had made his way by hard pushing, by resolute work, by sheer stamina, he was wont to say. Not two decades in the pulpit, he had long outstripped preachers of his class in the seminary, and left them and older graduates far behind. He was known as the eminent, the distinguished, and he enjoyed the luxury of fame as only men of his character can. He had never done a low action; he had never driven over an adversary, but his talent and genius made a track for themselves from the very

It must be confessed that the preacher, who was never idle, but always a miracle of industry, had one solitary failing-per haps there were others-he loved to dwell upon his success, and go over in memory each step in his advancement. That after noon he was just in such a mood, and his

pride was attaining fever heat. "James!" It was the voice of his wife shut off the "den" from the hall of the

"Well!" came a querulous tone from the preacher, disturbed in his revery The boy is here whom you wished to

'What boy!" he asked, in an impatient 'Don't you remember? The boy for

whom you were to secure a situation You cannot, surely, have forgotten it. There was a shade of pain in her vot "Oh, let him come to-morrow, Edith; I cannot be bothered now. I have my thoughts busy enough with other matters. Let him come-say, this day next week."
"But, James," with gentle remonstrance in her tone-"James, his mothe

is destitute; she must have money "I cannot help it. Why am I always troubled by that class would tax the patience of Job or the purse of Crossus. Let him come next week; do

you hear?" The preacher's wife heard; she sighed as she turned away, and bade the boy come the following week. Then seeing him to the door, she gave him a trifle for

The preacher resumed his reverie, but found it difficult to regain his self-satisfaction. His nature was keenly sensitive, nd the slightest cause would often pro duce the intensest jar. And now what had snapped asunder his pleasant fancies? What had vexed him at the moment of

his exhilaration?
It was his wife's sigh—low, tremulous scarcely audible—which had penetrated his soul and rankied there, as if imbued with physical potency. It was the sigh of his wife, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, that had stirred him from his dreams He rose from his chair. He paced up and down the room. He never sighed. should his wife sigh! And why should that sigh produce such inward ill! Had he said aught unkind? Was he not al

ways gentle to her?

His wife's sigh! She was not looking so young. There were streaks of gray in her hair, and her cheeks were not so full and round. His wife's sigh! Was it not her wealth that gave him leisure and independence? Was it not her influence that had spread his fame? Did her sigh uply regret at her choice, or her bitter lisappointment?

The preacher had a conscience, and it was making a sharp fight. Jacob's con-test of old with the wrestling angel finds its parallel in many an inward struggle of the human soul. The preacher's few minutes of agony seemed as long as the hours to the patriarch, and he too prevailed, and his heart was changed, like the name of his prototype.
"I would like to see him so much?"

The tones of a tresh, strong voice fell upon his ear as the curtain was drawn aside and a young man entered. "Ah, doctor, I could not resist the de-

afre to see you. I have heard of you so often, and your books are well thumbed at home. I have so much to say." His eagerness rang out in every word

"You know I have chosen the ministry for my vocation. Oh, doctor. I feel so unfitted for the task! My doubts are not of God, or religion, or the Good Book the lovely traditions and associations that blend with the faith. No, no; my doubts are of myself—my unworthiness, my lit-tleness, my poverty of the spirit. What become a preacher to humanity? How

ter? The work is so suffirme and r so me significant. What can I do?" The preacher heard him. It see that his features were familiar, and his

ice was not strange.
"Oh, doctor, I do not care for books when struggling men and weak wom-and tender children are to be uplifted. do not wish for fame. I do not look fo success, measured by a large congregation, a princely salary and a growing reputation. I would have that prophet's ideal realized in my life. Let the spirit of God rest upon me, however lowly m portion, the spirit of wisdom and under standing. Let me not judge after the sight of my eyes, nor reprove after the hearing of my ears. These words of Isaiah always occur to me, doctor. I made

them the text of my graduation sermon at the seminary a few weeks ago. I"—— "His graduation sermon," thought the preacher. "Why, it was my very text preacher. "Why, i

"Oh, doctor! doctor!" the young man cried, as the tears started in his eves, "pardon my impulsiveness. I do not wish to be faithless to my ideal. So many start well and fail. I want to translate that text into life. There is so much to be done, and so few to do it. Don't you recall those lines from Lowell?

"The Lord wants reapers; oh, mount up Before night comes and says, "Too late;" Stay not for taking scrip or cup, The Master hungers while yo wait,"

"Those lines-those lines," said the preacher to himself: "they were always in my memory. Why do I hear them now? Have I waited for scrip or cup while the Master has hungered?"

"I know no greater curse, doctor," continued the young man, with his cheeks all nflame with enthusiasm, "than to have my unfulfilled ideal rebuke me as I grow To have the specter of the unreal ized around me; to hear the accusing voice of opportunity misspent and advantages misapplied: to feel that I have been dis loyal and cowardly, and bent only on my own advancement while religion has hu gered-the thought would drive me wild. And I have come to you, good sir, for kindly counsel. Tell me what I shall do. You sympathize with me. You, too, once were young like myself."

"You have come to me-to me-for counsel?" the preacher exclaimed, rising from his chair and advancing. "Do you know how faithless I have been to my youth's ideal? Oh, spare me—spare The preacher awoke. Was it but a

revery, after all? Had his youth come back to accuse him, like in Jean Paul Richter's dream?
"Edith! Edith!" he exclaimed, tearing

aside the curtain, and folding her, as she came, in a passionate embrace. "Edith! Edith!" you shall never sigh again. It is still day for us. It is not too late, thank

He told her of his wrestling spirit and his victory. And when the next Sabbath dawned he preached as he never had preached before. People noted the differ ence; he felt it; and with the seed of humility planted anew in his soul, his work grew to lovelier and more enduring proportions.-Rev. A. S. Isaacs in Harp

Maryland's "Smartest Nigger."

The following story is told by a gentle man well acquainted with the partie, mentioned and who can vouch for its authenticity. Each of two gentlemen, who owned adjoining farms in one of the counties, had a colored laborer working on his place. These men, who were named Tom and Bob respectively, were very light fingered and had the reputation of converting to their own special prop erty anything they could carry from their neighbors. One day the two farmers met and, by chance, the conversation turned upon the stealing propensities of their respective men. After some discussion one said: "I tell you Tom can steal more in a week than your Bob can in a month. He is the smartest nigger in the

"No, he can't," said the other gentle man, emptying his mouth of a huge quan-tity of tobacco. "There is no nigger in Maryland who can beat Bob stealing He could take the buttons off a city policeman's cost, and the policeman wouldn't know there was anybody within claimed Tom's champion excitedly "Why, my Tom could steal a stick of wood from under your Bob and leave him sitting on the bark." Bob's defender was vanquished and had to give it up, and it was a week or more before he recovered sufficiently to proclaim again that he had "the smartest nigger in Mary -Baltimore News.

Americans in England. Americans cannot understand that the habit, almost universal with our people, of wearing costly clothing, of calling for luxuries (unusual with Europeans except those of assured fortune), such as fires in bedrooms, unlimited gas and candles great variety of food at every meal, the best seats at the theatres, constant cab-bing instead of walking, etc., causes them to be looked upon as rich aristocrats whose efforts to reduce expenses, and yet retain all the comforts, must be sternly frowned down, as unworthy gentlemen or ladies. On the other hand, if our people pay on the guinea scale without a murur, they are treated with the veritable exaggerated deference which the low English yield to their social superiors. Un fortunately, that is the one luxur -so dear to the English "classes themselves!-which our people (as a rule care nothing about. Sometimes this servility is offensive to Americans.-Olive Logan in Kansas City Journal.

Destroying Weeds With Vitrol.

Where such plants as dock, plantain or dandelion are growing in lawns, they may be effectually destroyed by the application of oil of vitrol. The vitrol should be neck to hold it by, so as to keep the fingers from the liquid. A stick long enough and thin enough to go into the bottle ! the only other necessary; the stick should be slightly cut at the end to allow of its holding the vitrol better. One drop of vitrol off the end of the stick dropped into the center of the weed should destroy it at once; one dip ought to destroy three or

The Georgia Picnic Kiss.

And after all there is no chance for improvement over the simple Georgia picule kiss, at the mere mention of which there rise before the vision of all the old boys dainty muslins, pink ribbons, rosy cheeks and Ren brandt shadow. The very air seems redolent of heliotrope; laughter like the ripple of a hidden brook trembles in the distance, and the good right arm feels again the faint struggle of modesty upon it. How tawdry, how coarse and revolting seems the staps spasm compared with this. No, the best kins ing after all is what the circumstances make The circumstances that surround the old fashioned Georgia picaic make it simply de-lightful. The young man who is led off by the stare kins drops the substance for the shadow and is to be prtied. - Macon Telegraph.

Explained at Last.

Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, explains what is the matter with drunkards as fol-lows: "There is an abnormal cerebral condition, a dynamical and psychical disturbance f the brain and nerve function, a real de parture from sound bealth, which is itself a sathological state with, in all probability, its postmortem equivalent in hyperplasms of the neurogist." Puse this in your hats and How shall I impel men to follow the Mas- to one be will skip - New York Tribune

"EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY."

Of all the proverbs quaint and sweet, That burdened souls so often greet. As some wise voice from ancient clay, There sure is none in whose belief The worn heart finds such sweet relief. As "Even this will pass away

When weary hands from early dawn Till lengthening eve must labor or.
And know not surcease day by day.
How gladly comes the sweet refrain,
That echoes o'er and o'er again,
"This, even this, will pass away." When burdens that are hard to bear

Would sink the soul 'neath black despa And whitening lips refuse to pray: Faith's lovely face o'en then will glow, And sweet her voice that whispers low "But even this will pass away." When earth to earth and dust to dust

Is read above our heart's hest trust, And we in anguish turn away; The bitter comes, When through its dregs the bright truth gleams, That even this will mass away.

Yes, even this! With hearts bowed down we stant oesuse the new made mount, And long to greet the coming day. When weary feet have found a rest; When hands are fulded o'er the breast; And all life's woes have passed away. —Margaret McRue Lackey in New Orleans Pica-

## A WAR TRAGEDY.

If you have never been in the valley of the Tennessee-I mean that part of the famous valley that stretches southwestward from the great Sand mountain to the picturesque table lands of Monte Sano, you have missed a scene the fairest of all in that country of fair scenes. I will not attempt to describe it. I cannot do it justice. No one can. It is the paradise of north Alabama, and in the heart of that far southern district devastated by war, and yet thanks to its protecting bulwark of mountains, its pleasant homes and well tilled lands escaped almost unscathed.

Not many miles to the north is Lookout mountain and the battlefields of Mission Ridge and Chickamauga. Further to the south and west, and on the same great trunk line that passes within the shadow of the heights on which Hooker tought his "battle in the clouds," is that already fa-moss young city of phenomenal growth, Decatur, and beyond that, the new Sheffield and war scarred Corinth.

But while this corner of the great val-ley saw little of either blue coats or gray -except, perhaps, an occasional foraging party that chance led away from the railroad and into the garden land between the big hills—the valley gave its best blood for the cause of the Confederacy, and sons and brothers left the cotton unpicked in the field to join Bragg and his gathering hosts across the border line of l'ennessee, or to follow the fortunes of Morgan or Stuart on their cavalry raids to

Back from the Tennessee, in a cove pro tected from the northers by the broad back of Monte Sano, a hardy mountain farmer had built a house of uncut stonea poor place at best, but a home for the sake of what was in it. It was not a typical southern home, for the good wife and mother was housekeeper, dairymaid and gardener all in one, while the two strapping boys, with their father, did the which on other plantations fell to the task of the negro slaves. At the nearest store, at Maysville, old John Rogers was, with indiscriminate courtesy, dubbed "colonel." Why, he never knew. Perhaps no one else did. Even before the war military titles were popular in Dixie. Now they are all colonels.

So few privates escaped the war.

Among the negroes "Col." John was looked upon with some disdain. A man who "worked" his farm without a single black "boy" was not likely to win the re-spect of "the quarters" at the big plantations on the river. Farmers who worked were "poo ah white trash" in those days of easy indolence. But "Col." John thrived for all that, and never a home in all the broad valley was happier than in the little cove under the

shadow of Monte Sano. News travels slow in the country. In those days few newspapers found their way into the Tennessee valley of Alabama, and the first shock of war at Fort Sumter was too far away to affect the tranquility of the people by the great river. Then came the frantic call for troops by the government at Montgomery, and the great valley was at last awakened to the horrors of war. A recruiting office was opened at Huntsville, ten miles away, on the other side of Monte Sano, and husbands, and fathers, and sons left their homes and people and went away to the war. The valley of the Tennessee was The negroes went flocking northward in search of the army of eman cipation, and the cotton was left in the balls to spoil. There came a time when even food was scarce, and beef was worth ts weight in the strange new scrip th

Confederate government had issued 'Col." John fared worse than many, although for months after the boys of the lower valley had gone away into Tennes-see, his sons yielded to the wish of the old folks and stayed at home. The time came, bowever, when honor compelled them to go, and they went; but the eyes of the aged mother were vet with tears, and the face of the white haired "Col. ohn was strangely old, when they bade their boys good-by

There are brave hearts here at home who remember those sai farewells, when the boys in blue went far away to fight and die on these southern battlefields There were the same sad partings in many a southern home, and the war left hur ireds of decimated families in that fair

asionally letters from the absent soldier oys came to the old folks in the cove, but they were few and very far between. They had gone north and enlisted in the Army of Virginia. They had been at Bull Run and had been on the peninsula in the eneckerboard operations of McClellan's compaign. The latest letter, scribbled in pencil and written in haste, and read it that little home with aching yet thankful hearts, told of good health and Confederate success. Side by side the brothers had go with Lee into the land of premise-the rich, corn growing valleys of Pennsyl vania.

Gettysburg came, and the Army of Virginia, rudely awakened from its victorious security, was hurled back zeross Mary land and into Virginia again by the mili tary genius of Meade. In the carnage of the first day the older brother was killed. The younger, while retreating with his decimated regiment from an unsuccessful charge, was taken prisoner. In company with several other Alabama soldiers, oung Rogers, even then a mere boy, was brought to Philadelphia, and from here sent to Fort Delaware, as a prisoner of war. There he remained until the sur-render of Lee at Appomattox Court

The sad news of the buttle of Gettys-

burg was slow in reaching the little home y Monte Sano, but when it did come it roke the spirit of "Col." John and turned ill whiter the head of the aweet for nother; for it was said that in the battle soth boys had fallen under the shower of ederal balls. It was not long before here was a "burying" from the house the core, and the body of "Col." John was laid to rest among the pines he loved

And the mother? She too would gladly the neurogist." Puse this in your bats and The time came, moreover, when she was read it to any man that offers to treat. Ten gind that death had spared her, for there came to her from far away Fort Delaware | He'e

a letter from her surviving boy, teiling of the older brother's death and the younger one's imprisonment. She read the letter many times, and as the tears rolled down her sunken cheeks, she fell on her knees and thanked God that one son at least had been spared to her. A sudden reso-lution possessed her. She would leave the little home in the cove and go away to the nofth. She would go to Fort Dela-ware, and they would not refuse to let a mother see her son—even a "Confederate" mother see her son—even a "Confederate" mother. Once she had looked upon his face again she would have courage to

face again she would have courage to wait for his release.

Traveling was slow. Weeks passed before she was enabled to get through the opposing lines and into Washington. At last, dying from want, sorrow and fatigue, she stood in the commandant's room at Fort Delaware with written permission to see and speak with the boy she loved so well. so well.

so well.

They tell sad stories of Fort Delaware in the south. They call it the Libby prison of the north. I don't like to believe it. Neither do you. They say that after a certain engagement the northern generals accused the Confederates of outrageous cruelty, and in retallation a score or more prisoners were taken from the fort and ignominiously hanged. Perhaps they are mistaken, and that there were better grounds for hanging than that. By some means a rumor had gained credence in the prisoner's barracks that something of the kind was to take place, while the impression prevailed that special vengeance was to be meted out to the soldiers of Alabama, because of alleged out-

rages committed by regiments from that state. Young Rogers was not a coward, but he had no desire to meet so unsol-dierly a death. With that inventive genius which develops so rapidly among those held in confinement, the prisoners in Rogers' "gang" dug out the stone work and earth under one of the banks, and thus secured, not only a comparatively safe hiding place for pilfered provisions, but also for one or more of their number when occasion demanded that they should keep under cover for a time.

were in order struck consternation to many a brave heart, and when, for any reason, a Federal orderly came to the prisners' barracks and called the name of a 'Johnny Reb," there was a general feeling of misgiving, and an effort made, when possible, to discover for what purpose the prisoner was wanted before answering to his name. So that when one day the barracks were excited to a fever point by the calling of a dozen names or more, and the name of "Joe Rogers" rang with startling distinctness in the ears of that young Alabamian, he did not wait to be seen, but hurriedly crawled into the "grub" hole, and held his breath for fear of discovery and the consequences that would follow. Three the orderly called:

"Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers!" Then the prisoners crowded around, and the orderly seemed to be unaware that Rogers had falled to answer to his name. He went away, and on the records it was written that Joe Rogers had been transferred-as even the officers thought -to be hanged.

A sad look came into the face of the commanding officer when the white haired woman gave him the slip of paper that to her meant so much. "Rogers is not here now," he said, finally

She looked at him, dazed by the intelli-"Not-heres" "No; he has been transferred

"Where?"
The officer had a heart. "I-I do not know," he said. He could not tell that sad eyed woman what he believed to be the truth.

But he could not deceive her. "He is dead!" she cried, wildly, and tottering forward she clasped her hands across her breast and sank into a chair. "My poor boy!" she sobbed. you so, and yet I was too late!"

The parched lids closed over the sad gray eyes; the tired head fell forward; e nervous fingers relaxed their hold.
"Come," said the officer, kindly; "you must go now. I cannot permit you to re main here."

There was no answer. 'I am waiting' -- he began, and ther he paused abruptly. Something strange in her appearance startled him, and he stooped down and peered into her face he did so tears came into his eyes. The sweet faced mother would never see the valley of the Tennessee again.

News flies in jails as it flies elsewhere In his hiding place that night young Rogers was told the story of his mother's death. Strong man though he was, the bear, and he grieved bitterly at the thought that, even dead, he might not look upon her face. But he was gied for one thing. There were kind hearts among the boys in bine, and they took the body of the dead mother across to New Castle, and there in the old church yard rever-

ently laid it to rest Rogers managed to escape detection for the few weeks remaining before the close of the war. After the surrender he was liberated and returned to Alabama. There he lives and there I met him. He told me this story, and I repeat it because it comes so near home. It interested me. I think it will you .- Philadelphia News.

Victims of Monte Carlo.

The Monte Carlo people will do anything to avoid a scandal. As a rule, this is the process. You have lost all your money and you are in bons fide distress. You go to the administration and ask for a little assistance to get home. You are asked at what table you played. The head croupler of that table is sent for. He recognizes you as a player and probably remembers whether you played heavily or not. Your story being confirmed, you say to what station you wish to proceed. A sum suf-ficient for your fare and your needs on the journey is then handed to you, and you have to sign an I. O. U. for the amount. So long as you don't return to Monte Carlo you hear no more of the matter, but if you go back there again you must repay your I O. U. before you are allowed to reenter the gambling saloons. All the peomember faces and it is very rarely that they make a mistake.—London Referee

Looking at Their Teath

Deceptions of all kinds are said to be praciced by French-Canadian families and mill ands in Salem, Mass, in order to coursel the age of children too young to work from the inspectors. Lately, however, a member of the local school board, a deather, his a means of overcoming the obstacle, and now, in doubtful instances, the child is or-zered to open its mouth. If no moler, due as go to school in spite of all precents New York Tribune.

Modjeska's Amusing Husband. Count Bozenta, the husband of Mine. Modjeska, is a source of innocent amuse ment for the members of the latter's truy ment for the memoers of the latter a trav-eling company, by his quaint and withy remarks. At one place, during the win-ter, they "struck" the coldest house of the season. During rehearsal one of the young ladies remarked that she could not sing, and she was afraid she would catch her death cold. "Never mind rat." said the count; "think of re splended accus-tics!" At another place, during the per-formance, the stage was found to be on fire underneath. The count rushed down

we must cut se dislogre!"-Frank